VOL. VII NO. 5

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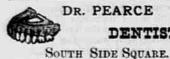
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WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

KIRKSVILLE. MO.

T E. Sublette.

Propriator

LITTLE THINGS.

A simple rhyme, a oblidish grief,
A blossom on a lover's tomb,
A bud expanding into leaf,
A dewdrop in a clover bloom;
How sweet, how and, how wondrous fair
How song, the bloom, the infant care,
Pass like the play of sun and shade;

But in their passage quicken thought— As sunbeams melt on field and plain. And leave their alightest impress wrought. In blooming grass and ripening grain; And though each individual form. Grows indistinct, its glow remains. A halo round us in the storm, A genial warmth that fills our veins.

The critic comes with awful frown
To crush the poet, like a gnst:
Frosts nip the tender blossoms down,
And childish griefs, for this and that
Are merged in Sorrow's large estate.
That wideus round our frosted heads;
And yet the var'ed web of fate
Is woven of such slender threads.

The little things of time are most
Secure of influence, promise, power
The flying seed, the insect host,
Dissolving dew and transient shower;
They multiply, build up, tear down,
And write the r excellence and grace
on arid waste and mountain brown.
Till nought is bare nor common-place.

So little murmurs, joined in song,
Light bubbles that in music break—
When youth is glad and days are long,
In low, soft ecstacles, may wake
The living chords of that sweet lyre
Which trembles in the human heart
And prompts the genius to aspire,
The man to act a noble part.

Then. Scorner, soare the little things!
From atoms all the worlds are wrought,
Peasants may dwindle into Kings.
For wits give birth to humorous thought;
The great be small, the small be great;
And yet through all life s varied through
The truth holds fast as death or fate,
The humble ever are the strong.

—Benj. S. Parker, in Chicago Current.

BY THE GATE OF THE SEA

By David Christie Murray,

AUTHOR OF "A MODEL FATHER, "A LIFE'S ATONEMENT." ETC.

CHAPTER IV .- CONTINUED. There is not much out of the common in this narrative to anybody who does not happen to be in love with Miss Farmer, or strongly inclined that way. But to Tregarthen the story seemed one of heroism and sorrow, and he thought he could see already some of those inward qualities of which he desired to assure himself. The daughter of a clergyman is conventionally a gentlewoman, and he was already persuaded that Miss Farmer possessed all desirable womanly qualities when he met her for the second time. They had talked commonplaces at their first meeting

and had been aware of the fact. They talked commonplaces now and did not know it, because they spoke of books and art, and nobody believes that he or he can talk commonplaces upon those inspiring themes. Miss Farmer's soul declared itself more and more freely to Tregarthen's attentive observation, and

he was more and more convinced that it was of the right quality and pattern. The young man had taken apart-ments for the rest of the summer season at "The George," and Gorbey knew by this time in what pursuit he was engaged. Mr. Tregarthen rambled much in the pleasant fields beyond the town, and Miss Farmer, who had a taste for botany and some little knowledge of the science, was indefatigable in exercise. The two young people met on most days, and the little sister was

old enough to play propriety, and, which was perhaps of more importance, we abt enough to know when she was Any wandering butterfly enough for a race which a least took this sensible child round a

corner of the lane in which her elders strolled. The searcher after the philosopher' stone had found it, but not where he

had expected. Everything had grown golden for him. The simile is poverty stricken, but there is no simile which will express his physical wealth of a heart which for the first time has given away all its substance. It was time for lovers' confidences,

and they were exchanged. The sensi-ble child had gone full tilt round a leafy corner, and the young man and his sweetheart lingered at a stile. The child carrolled with a wonderfully sweet, shrill voice fifty yards away, and the elders talked.

"You remember," said Tregarthen, "the day on which we first met?" "Yes," she answered, with a delicious shyness His ardent eyes—she thought she had never seen anything so tender, ardent as they were—and her bashful glance met for a moment, and she

blushed a little. "I was lying on the grass," he said, "on the top of the cliff above the landing place, when I heard your voice, and it awoke me."

"Was I so boisterous?" she asked, smiling, with her eyes upon the ground.
"No," he answered, with a little tender laugh, which of itself was a lover's flattery, "but it awoke me-from a curious dream," he added, with an air

of odd reluctance. "Indeed?" she said, questioningly. [Tregarthen began to wish in a vague way that he had not mentioned this. His goddess might not care to know that one of her rarest charms had reminded him of an actress, but, having begun, he felt bound to go on; so he spoke with a feigned lightness, and looked anywhere rather than at his sweet-

heart's face. "I suppose you don't know," he be gan, "what a lovely voice you have?" She made no reply to this, but still looked demurely on the ground at her feet. "When I first heard it I was dreaming, and I distinctly heard the words, 'Oh, Jupiter, how weary are my spirits.

"That was not strange," she answered, looking up at him, "I spoke

"Did you?" he asked, with som confusion. All this seemed to have been said and done aforetime, and to have led to some unhappininess which now again threatened from the near future. Everybody has experienced

that curious sensation. "What was your dream?" "Oh my dream!" he answered. "It had taught the girl to love him. She

hiswalking-cane.
"Your voice reminded me," he said
after a little pause, "of the most beautiful voice I had ever heard till then. I even thought I recognized it, and I walked down to meet you, and found that I had made a blunder."

"In meeting me?" she asked. He laughed again, and their eye. met. In hers there was a tender tri-umph and gayety which answered her own question fairly well, even without the aid of his, which beamed with admiration.
"No," he answered, "but in dream-

"No," he answered, "but in dreaming that that lovely voice had ever sounded from the stage," he went on at ease. "And yet the fancy haunted me all day," She was looking on the ground once more, and with the point of her parasol was turning a little public was a stage of the parasol was turning a little public was a stage of the parasol was turning as little with the parasol was turning as little with the parasol was turning as little with the public was a stage of the parasol was turning as little with the public was a stage of the parasol was turning as little was the public was a stage of the parasol was turning as little was the parasol was turning as little was the public was the pub pebble over and over. She stopped so that her face was hidden from him by the wide-brimmed summer hat she wore. If this were coquetry, the fashion of the day favored it, for at the drooping edge of the width of plaited straw was a fringe of fine black lace some two or three inches deep, and he would have had to fall upon his knees to see her face. Could he have seen it he could not have failed to notice how

and shame was in her eyes.
"Who was the lady," she asked,
"whose voice so resembled mine?" "A Miss Churchill," said Tregarthen.
"A delightful actress. The most charming actress I ever saw." It seemed necessary to make as much as might reasonably be made of Miss Churchill's perfections to excuse any comparison, however trivial, be-tween her and the woman of his heart, who not only was not an actress and who not only was not an actress and was a gentlewoman, but was also and of course, beyond comparison with anybody. "I saw her play Rosalind," he hurried on, "and since the first words I heard you speak were the first words I heard her speak, the resemblance of the voices was accidentally heightened."

"Did you wish very much to see Miss Churchill?" asked the young lady. "Were you very much interested in

"Not at all," cried Tregarthen. eagerly. "I had forgotten her—until I beard the voice."

"Were you disappointed when you found that it was only-me?" "Only you!" said the lover, would not condescend to add to that simple but sufficient disclaimer, except by possessing himself first of her hand and then of her waist. For awhile she bent her head and refused to allow him to steal the merest glance at her face, but by and by she turned upon him gently and gazed full in his eyes for a moment, while her figure yielded itself

longer repulsed him by its rigidity.

"If I had turned out to be Miss Churchill," she asked him, "should you-" She paused, but the very silence was eloquent

"Have loved you?" said Tregarthen. "No. I could not have fallen in love with an actress." It seemed to him that there might be a touch of jealousy in the appeal, and he was in the mood to be tender to all love's fancies however shadowy and unreal they might

"Why not?" she asked. "There are many good women who are actresses, surely

"No doubt," he answered, lightly. "Many. But you rub the bloom from the peach if you handle it ever so gently. An actress gains something more than most women hope for or care for, but she must be content to lose something-a delicacy-a fineness which is not so easy to describe, but means much to a man with any refinement of

He was far from being actually dishonest in saying this, and yet he was precisely honest. Left to himself and his own judgment he would not have thought these thoughts, at all, but the fancy that his betrothed had that visionary jealousy of the actress moved him to make the jealousy impossible.

"But if you had met her, and, had fallen in love with her," said the girl, "and then found that she was an act ress-that would have made no difference to you?"
"Yes," he said, gravely, as if consid-

ering the matter, "a serious differ-

"I fancied men thought differently," she said, with some little heat of scorn. "I fancied that they did not altogether care so much for those of us who live in the little grove of household cares and small accomplishments, and silly joys and sorrows."

"I shall ask you to achieve no out-ofdoors greatness," Tregarthen answered fondly; "though you are more fit to shine in the world's eye than any other woman now alive." man was not a fine judge of verse, and it was natural to think the Laureate's outpourings inferior to those of the woman he himself was in love with "Be as great as you will, but shine at home, my dear; and let me worship

That was a pretty programme, and the girl found no fault with it as it applied to her own prospects. But she had rather—how much rather—that her future husband should have thought better of Miss Churchill's profession. It was clear that he suspected nothing, imagined nothing, but it was a pain to have a secret, though it were as harm-less as her own. For Miss Churchill, though an actress, was as pure as a daisy, and nobody knew better than Miss Farmer how little evil the stage had taught her, though there are millions who know infinitely better how much evil it has the power to teach.

this conversation. Miss Farmer buried Miss Churchill, and resolved that the actress should know no resurrection But then (as people unfairly or secretly entombed with fears and suspicions hanging about them have a prescript tive right to do) Miss Churchill as sumed ghost-like airs and revisited the upper world and peopled the sexton's life with unreal terrors. Tregarthen

One unavoidable result came out of

was nothing. I dreamed I was at the play, and I saw Rosalind upon the stage."

She looked at him swiftly, with a hint of fear and half a hint of resolution in her face: He struck out with a transparent pretence of being perfectly at his ease, and cut down a nettle with his walking-cane.

"Your voice reminded me," he said.

"Your voice reminded me," he said.

"The said been an apt and willing pupil, and world who did not leap at the chance of talking to him, but the fact was inclinate trather than passionate, but inclined to cling to the object of her affection with lifelong tonacity. There are few women who would not have kept her innocent secret rather than in assuming you to be Miss Churchill."

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Tregarthen was the one man in the model of the control of talking to him, but the fact was inclinate to him, but the fact was inclined to cling to the object of her affection with lifelong tonacity. There are few women who would not have kept her innocent secret rather than of being assured that I am not in assuming you to be Miss Churchill."

"I was Miss Churchill."

"I was Miss Churchill."

"I was Miss Churchill." are few women who would not have kept her innocent secret rather than run the risk of losing a lover. And Tregarthen was the one man in the world to her, as a woman's first love always is—the one possible idol. The mere thought of losing him was cruel beyond expression; the mere fancy that she might sink his love was scarcely bearable. She so honored and reverenced and love him that she was forced to deceive him. That is not

forced to deceive him. That is not good morality, but is admirable feminine logic. The courtship went on, and Gorbay and the county beyond the limits of Gorbay discussed it, and on the whole were content with it. Tregarthen might have looked higher in spite of those old regimental escapades of his, for the last selon of the oldest houses in that part of England, where houses are so amazingly old, might think himself almost any man's equal.

He was not a millionaire, but he had

enough, and he was unusually personable. Everybody was persuaded that the match, from Miss Farmer's point of view, was all that could be desired. Within nine months of their first speech with each other the young pair became man and wife, and set up housekeeping in Gorbay. They had an exquisitely appointed house, standing in the midst of some eight acres of well-timbered ground and surrounded by trim gardens. While they lived here flushed she was, and what a look of fear the old mansion on Tregarthen Island was to be restored to something of its former grandeur, and Mrs. Tregarthen insisted upon having a hand in this. She insisted on having so influential a hand in it that she piaced the whole of her own modest fortune in her husband's hands and bade him make that

suffice. "You bring me the graudeur of an old name," she said, "and I claim to have my share in its honors. If you refuse me this I only half divide them." Tregarthen after many affectionate

disputes, took the money.
"Whatever is mine is yours," he said, "and whatever is yours is mine. It is like the right hand giving to the

"Precisely," said his wife. well pleased, and the architect was busy at once. By the beginning of July the builders were at work, and the young couple had great joy in crossing from Gorbay Head to Tregarthen, and watch-ing the slow growth of the old place to a new being. Tregarthen's funds were snugly invested, and there were ample means to keep the glorified house in a reasonable state. Meantime, in other matters they were content to retrench, and Mrs. Tregarthen wrote industriously at a romance on a large scale, determined not to cost her husband a penny in dresses, and to win an anonymous fame, of which he, who alone should have the secret, should be as proud as she was of him.

Visitors came thickly to Tregarthen that summer, some who had archieological tastes, from afar, bent on seeing the house once before it assumed its new form. It was no matter for surprise, therefore, when a couple of sturdy boatmen pulled over a party of ladies and gentlemen, with a fat and spectacled savant at their head, and the fat and spectacled one began to wander about among the stones and the mortar, delivering a little lecture to his followers as he went. The married pair were in the habitable part of the house, and at the moment when the boat grounded at the Sea-gate, Mrs. Tregarthen was receiving a confession from her husband. He was standing at the window from which he had watched her on her first visit on the island, and was telling her, with no shamefacedness, how he had kept her in sight after he parted from her. It was not, from any stand point but her own, a deed to be rewarded, but she kissed him for it with all her heart, and they went gayly out together for a ramble on the cliffs. Before they started, Tregarthen took a look at the

approaching party through the singleparreled opera-glass. "We can go out with a clear con-science, my dear," he said; "there is no

one we know among them." They had not left the house long when an architect's clerk came racing after them, and asked Tregarthen's presence. The architect himself was on the ground, and desired his opinion on some question or another which could only be decided on the spot. "Walk on," said Tregarthen to his

wife, "I shall overtake you." She answered with a smile and a nod, and rambled slowly over the verdurous slopes, and enjoyed the fresh sea-breeze. In a while she looked back, and seeing no sign of her hus-band, she sat in the shelter of an overhanging bowlder, and, sinking down in the soft mosses, surrendered herself to happy broodings upon her husband, her home, his love and her own, and the cloudless sky that everhung their sweet domestic life. She was so deep sunk in reverie, and the mosses hereabout were so soft and thick that a wandering footstep near at hand failed to reach her ear, and she was a little startled to find a picturesque young man baring his head before her with an

lmost theatrical air of homage. "Miss Churchill," said the pict aresque young man, in accents of de lighted surprise. "I was assured the world was not robbed of you, but I am amazed to find you here; amazed and

She did not recognize him, and arose with some indignation at the familiarity of his tone. She was startled by his sudden coming, too, and at the first flash she saw danger in the presence of any man who had known Miss Church-

"I am Mrs. Tregarthen, sir," sh said, haughtily and coldly. "I beg pardon," said the picturesque young man, still standing hat in hand before her. I can not be mistaken. I had the honor to meet you at 'The Mirror.' My name is Marsh—Ronald

"I have no recollection of the circumstances," she said, even more coldly than before.

Mr. Ronald Marsh smiled with no cr for the year following touch of embarrassment. It was a literal marsh and the marsh of the second second

Marsh. I owed the pleasure to Lorri-

no desire to resume acquaintance with any person who knew me by that

Mr. Ronald Marsh flushed to the roots of his hair, and donned his sombrero with a final bow. She moved past him with flashing eyes and head erest, and sweeping thus round the edge of the great bowlder, met Tregarthen face to face.

CHAPTER V.

Husband and wife looked at each other for a moment, and then the wife's eyes drooped guiltily. It is characteristic of people at large to be wiser about other people's affairs than they are about their own—being freed, in the one case, of egotism's glasses—and almost anybody can see that, although there was sufficient occasion for a domestic scene there was no reason to remestic scene, there was no reason to re-gard the position of things as being essentially tragic. You must endure a essentially tragic. You must endure a good deal before you tear yourself from your dearer half in your sober senses. But the one thing that stared each of these people in the face was a lifelong and inevitable separation.

"I have deceived him," said the wife,

with such a cold anguish of repentance as could only come of detection. "He will never believe me nor love me

again."
"Is this thing true?" asked Tregarthen, coldly. Her aspect was enough to convict her, and he turned away. Icy as he was to look at, he was afraid of himself, and felt that he was not to be trusted with many words. He would go away, therefore, and would think how best to bear himself in this terrible and unsuspected condition of affairs. He had not gone far when it came into his mind that the condition of affairs, however unexpected it might be, was searcely so terrible as it had seemed at first. He began to think how seemed at first. He began to think how strongly he had spoken when, as it now appeared, his wife had wished to take him into her confidence. After all, there was no sin or shame in hav-ing been an actress. Colonel Pollard had said things of that very Miss Churchill, with whom his wife was now identified, which were hideous if true or possible: but he knew them to be false. The more he thought about it the more he was persuaded anew of what he had always known as only a lover knows anything—the purity of his wife's mind and history. She had deceived him in one matter; but then he had forced deception upon her. And after all, they were man and wife, and he loved her as he had never loved anybody in his life before, or could hope to love a second time. The revelation he had surprised was a thing to be made the best of-to be understood and accepted once for all, and then buried and forgotten.

> TO BE CONTINUED. LIGHT AND COLOR

The Influence of Light on the Colors of Animals. As a rule, the parts of animals most exposed to rays of light are, other things being equal, richest in coloringmatter. The backs of wild animals are usually, and with few exceptions (as among nocturnal and burrowing animals), more strongly colored than their bellies. Another class of exceptions may be seen among fishes of certain families which lie on their sides instead of on their bellies, and expose, not their backs, but one of their sides to the light. In these fishes the upper side is colored, while the under side, next to the ground and the darkness, is not. Articulates also have their upper sides most strongly colored, although what in them answers most nearly to the dorsal column is next to the ground. The parts of the shells of mollusks which are in contact with the ground are uncolored, while the parts exposed to the light shine with varied tints: and this, whatever may be the peculiar positions assumed by particular shells. For individuals of the same race, the abundance of the coloring-matter is generally proportioned to the intensity of the light to which they are exposed.

This fact is generally understood though exact observations bearing upon it are not as numerous as it is desirable they should be. It is well known that the skin is tanned by light, that people from the North are browned by living in the South and that ruddiness and freckles appear under the action of the sunlight Some people of the white race, like the Hindoos and the Moors, that live in southern climates, are frequently darker-skinned than the negroes themselves. Still, we can not affirm that light is the only

cause of these changes.

Mr. Gould has observed that birds are more strongly colored when they live in countries having a clear sky than on islands or the seashore. Berch stein says that the colors of the plumage of cage-birds are affected by the shade in which they are kept. Mr. Allen has shown that the color of several species in the United States changes as we go from North to South. - Popular Science Monthly.

-United States army recruiting offieers now argue that the road to wealth. or at least to competence, lies in a march of thirty years with the soldiers. "You are a single man of nineteen," said one inquirer, "suppose you enlist now. You will lead a healthy, easy, respectable life, with no anxiety as to maintenance; you will draw pay surely and regularly, and out of it you can with perfect comfort, save fifty dollars a year. Put that on interest, and at fifty years of age, adding the sum al-lowed by the Government to men who retire after thirty years' service, you will have enough to live on the rest of your life in idleness. - N. Y. Tribune.

-The British Museum contains an almanac 3,000 years old, which proves conclusively that the ancient Egyptians liked to be gulled as well as the modern American, for among other matters the book contains predictions on the weather for the year following its publication.

Washington Telegraph'd Letter. WASHINGTON, D. C., May 17, '86.

Dullness reigns supreme in this city. Nothing of great merit was accomplished last week, as the members of congress were too busy attending races and circuses. Let us hope for better work this week.

The second volume of Gen. Grant's book and Logan's "Great

Cyclones have commended the deposit the same with the treasurer in sums of not less than \$10, and receive therefor notes to be called coin notes. This bill may not be heard of again.

Representative Morrow has charge of one of the longest petitions ever brought to Washington. It is from the Knights of Labor of California, praying for the pro-hibition of Chinese immigration till the "crack of doom." It con-tains 50,000 names and is 2,000 feet long. It is hard to tell whether such an extensive request will pils enrolled 40, average number

resolution was submitted by Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, looking to a modification of the treaty with 88, Alvin Reynolds 92. Names of

China. The actian of the Republicans of the Ohio State Senate has had the effect of cold water on the Democratic members who went off Reynolds and Victor Greenslate. on a "jamboree" down South. They are home again, and it is said some of them will resign, especially those from Cincinati, claiming

Mr. Blaine's friends, who are very active just now. The attack on the memory of

Secretary Stanton last week by Wheeler, of Alabama, roused an earnest protest, and the brave Alabamian was compelled to "take water," and acknowledge that he had used words in debate that he was ashamed of, or afraid to go before the public in print. The camp troubled Israel, and they Democrats are doing all they can were smitten before their enemies. to smooth over this rough place in

their record this session. The House on Wednesday passed the Army appropriation bill and then took up the Diplomatic

and Consular bill. Cullom's Inter-State Commerce bill went through the Senate all right on Wednesday last. It provides a heavy penalty against gard to long and short hauls. A upon the world around him. commission of five will have Luther. charge of carrying out its provisions. The vote stood 47 yeas

to 4 nays. There was much talk and some excitement in reference to Gladstone's efforts for home-rule in Ireland and many expressed regret Latin. at the prospects of the bill's defeat. but the public generally acquiesces in the action of the House committe in refusing to report favora- birds, said: "Lord, what music bly O'Neil's resolution of thank to hast thou provided for the saints Gladstone.

There is a better feeling over men such music on earth. the labor troubles of this country, and much relief at the outspoken opposition of the press of the longest to be retained, and, indeed country to the domination of the foreign element. It is believed that the Chicago police and the Wisconsin militia "scotched" this serpent, and it is generally hoped that the patriotic laboring men of who parade in a brass band at the country will cut loose from all least 40 are dummies, and only such entangling alliances as So- pretend to play. This shows that cialism, Nihilism and Anarchism. men may be innocent, and yet

of the past week in the West have been a theme of discussion, and have furnished to the Signal Service items of importance which the best meterlogical at torities. madam; something all wool and a The presentation of Senator Blair's Pension bill in the Senate We want to break the news gen-

in the opposition talk, and Gen. while they're living. - [Ex. Logan as usual came to the front in behalf of the maimed men who have been hobbling along with or without a pension for twenty-five years. It came out in the debate that there were about 26,000 veteran s who were receiving the munificent amount of \$2 per month. perly.

sarcastic. jumped to the front, all at once as ejaculated the Doctor. ideas. His conduct during the mon for fifty!"

recent strike in Milwaukee, has lifted him right up before the people, and if he were to become our next President, it would not be astonishing. He is com-plimented by nearly all parties from Maine to California. W. D.

School Reports.

Report of Sperry school for the month comencing April 12th and ending May 7th. Number of days attended by all the pupils 840; Conspiracy," are out, and being carefully read. It is universally conceded that Logan has made a hit with his book, and will reap a rich reward for his labors.

ending May 7th. Number of days attended by all the pupils 840; average number of days attended by each pupil 16; number of days taught 20; number of days attended by each pupil 16; number of days each pupil 16; number number of days taught 20; num-ber of pupils enrolled 52. The names of those who have not been cyclones have commended the attention of all recently, and the general opinion seems to be that the end is not yet. A bill was introduced in the House on Monday, providing that any holder of standard gold or silver coin may deposit the same with the treasurer row, Ella and Vernte Michael, John and Forest Ratcliff, Bertie Pickens, Kizzie and Rose Sparks, Nellie and Rellie Stott, Lila Waddill and Calvin Williams. Nameof visitors are Mr. C. Sparks, Mr. W. Clark, Misses Francis Tudor, Nora Clark, Esther Little, Emma

Stott, and Genevra Tudor. ADALINE BELL, Teacher.

Second mothly report of Willmathville school; number of puhave any more than ordinary influence on our law makes.

On Tuesday last a concurrent resolution was submitted by Sena-90, Annie Duncan 91, John Clark, those not tardy nor absent during the month: Annie Duncan. Alvin Reynolds, Owie Reynolds. The half holiday was awarded to Owie N. L. Burris, Teacher,

GEMS. He that will always do all that The mugwumps are about to lawfully he may, will oftimes do have a meeting in New York, to adopt ways and means to head off Leighton.

I cannot dread the darkness when Thou wilt watch o'er me.

Nor smile to greet the sunrise unless Thy -Eliza Scudder. smile I see We call thee, God, and wait for thee, With longing day by day, While thou art coming all the time In nature's common way.

Remember, one Achan in the So one idol left in your heart may trouble you. - McCheyne.

While reason is puzzling herself about the mystery, faith is turning it into her daily bread, and feeding on it thankfully in her heart of hearts.-F. D. Hunting.

The true Christian is like the special rates. rebates and unjust sun, which pursues his noiseless discrimination by railroads, and track, and everywhere leaves the makes special provisions in re- effect of his beams in a blessing

> Put your foot down where you mean to stand, and let no man move you from the right. Learn to say "No" and it will be of more use to you than to able to read

It was Isaak Walton, who, on

listening to the singing of the

in heaven, when thou affordest bad A good man is the best friend, and therefore is first to be chosen. never to be parted with unless he

ceases to be that for which he was chosen.

The great storms and cyclones have all the appearances of guilt. Lady (in shoe store)-"I would like to look at some cloth slippers for myself." Clerk (until recently will be investigated according to in the dry goods line)-"Yes,

on Thursday last gave the ex-con- tly to the great men, that herefederates another opportunity to after if they want monuments, manifest their bitterness. Mr. they will have to hustle around Berry, of Arkansas, was the leader and raise thee fund for them

"I read so many cases of people being buried alive. Is there no remedy for it?" "The only remedy I know is for the legislature to pass a law compelling doctors to finish their work pro-

At this point the swerthy Westera | A country rector complained to Senator, was unusually severe and Dr. Routh that he had received only five pounds for preaching a Gov. Rusk, of Wisconsin, has sermon at Oxford. "Five pounds the representative of American would not have preached that ser